Making it light to *Caſsio*: *Caſsio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.
Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp:
Enter Deſdemona, *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now ſweeting:
Come away to bed: ſir, for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your ſurgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe, whom this vile braule diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
Iag. What, are you hurt Lieutenant?
Exit Moore, Deſdemona, *and attendants.*
Caſ. I, paſt all ſurgery.
Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha loſt my reputation:
I ha loſt the immortall part ſir of my ſelfe,
And what remaines is beſtiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiu'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing: You haue loſt no reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a loſer; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now caſt in his moode, a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice, euen ſo, as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: ſue to him againe, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? and ſpeake parrat? and ſquabble, ſwagger, ſweare? and diſcourſe fuſtian with ones owne ſhaddow O thou inuiſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he that you followed with your ſword:
What had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.

Iag.

Iag. Iſt poſsible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, bu
quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that m
in their mouthes, to ſteale away their bra
with ioy, reuell, pleaſure, and applauſe, tra
beaſtes.
Iag. Why, but you are now well enough
couered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkenne
deuill wrath; one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes m
frankely deſpiſe my ſelfe.
Iag. Come, you are too ſeuere a morraler
the condition of this Countrey ſtands, I coul
not ſo befalne; but ſince it is as it is, mend it,
Caſ. I will aske him for my place againe
drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*,
ſtop em all; to be now a ſenſible man, by and
ly a beaſt: euery inordinate cuppe is vnbleſ
a diuell.
Iag Come, come, good wine is a good fa
well vs'd; exclaime no more againſt it; and g
you thinke I loue you.
Caſ. I haue well approou'd it ſir,—I drun
Iag You, or any man liuing may be dru
Ile tell you what you ſhall doe,——our Ge
Generall; I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for tha
uen vp himſelfe to the contemplation, marke
parts and graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely
ſhee'll helpe to put you in your place againe:
ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds i
not to doe more then ſhe is requeſted. This
you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter, a
any lay worth naming, this cracke of your lo
then t'was before.
Caſ. You aduiſe me well.
Iag. I proteſt in the ſincerity of loue and
Caſ. I thinke it freely, and betimes in th
ſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to vndertake f